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SACRED POEMS;

BY

MRS. WEST.



SACRED POEMS

FOR

SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS,

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.



BY MRS. WEST.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE COMMITTEE
OF
GENERAL LITERATURE
AND EDUCATION,



APPOINTED BY THE
SOCIETY FOR
PROMOTING CHRISTIAN
KNOWLEDGE.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIII.

288.

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THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

SALEM, prepare to meet thy King !
He comes benign and calm ;
Haste, in his path your garments fling,
And bear the votive palm.

He comes, as prophecy reveals,
(This triumph it foretels ;)
Like one ordain'd to break the seals,
And foil the dragon's spells.

Lowly and meek, a colt unbroke
Sustains the sacred load ;
And thus, ere crush'd by Baal's yoke,
Your pious rulers rode.

Lo, infant voices swell the strains,
While thousand tongues repeat,—
“ Hosanna to the King, who reigns
In David's holy seat !”

Mammon, who, in the house of God,
Dares challenge rites divine,
Smote by the great Refiner's rod,
Shall quit his prostrate shrine.

Are not our hearts a temple too ?
And God would there abide,
Did they not lodge a rebel crew,—
Ambition, Av'rice, Pride.

Come, King of kings, to our defence,
And purify thy shrine ;
Drive with thy scourge th' intruders hence,
And make us wholly thine.

THE GOSPEL.

SIGNS OF THE COMING OF CHRIST TO
JUDGMENT.

BEFORE the Lamb in Salem slain
Commences his triumphant reign,
Portentous warnings shall appear ;
Kingdoms and realms shall pass away,
Whose firm foundations seem to stay
Unchanged through time's revolving year.

Nation 'gainst nation shall arise ;
Guilt shall appal and fear surprise
Each rebel and apostate clan ;
For heaven and earth will seem to quake,
When radiant from the east shall break
The vision of the Son of Man.

While ocean lifts its clamorous voice,
Let the redeem'd of God rejoice,
The hour for which they pant is near.
Changed to the kingdom of the Lord,
Then shall the world, with one accord,
Exult in its sabbatic year.

Shout then, ye saints ! for when ye see
The fig's broad foliage robe the tree,
Ye know that summer is at hand.
Earth shall dissolve, the stars shall wane,
But Jesus' word, Messiah's reign,
Shall as th' eternal mountains stand.

THE GOSPEL.

THE BAPTIST'S MESSAGE TO CHRIST.

O, uncreated Word,
Beaming effulgence from the Father's throne,
Who call'dst unnumber'd worlds to light ;
How shall thy majesty and might,
When shrouded in a mortal form, be known ?

Shall the sun quench his fires ?
Shall hills and mountains sink, and valleys swell,
To meet the falling stars ? Or say,
Shall Nature don her best array,
To greet the God 'gainst whom she did rebel ?

While John in prison groan'd,
He mused on Him whom he had late baptized,
Had seen the anointing Spirit fall,
And heard th' inaugurating call,—
Those signs by which his Lord was recognised.

Nor could he doubt, when told
That mercy's deeds th' incarnate God revealed :
The deaf could hear, the lame could walk,
The dumb of Gospel wonders talk,
While the blind saw, and the infirm were healed :

The dead to life revived,
Redemption to the meek of heart was shown;
Thus, proved by mercy's every deed,
The Prophet hail'd the promised Seed;
And thus by love are God's true children known.

CHRIST

No.

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

" He dwells among you, but unknown ;

 " He shall increase while I decay ;

" Unmeet to stand before his throne,

 " Unworthy to proclaim his day.

" That dawning day 'tis mine to see

 " With holy joy ; my mission done,

" The prophets' line expires in me ;

 " God speaks hereafter by his Son."



First Morning Lesson and Second Morning Lesson.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

O for a power to strike the chord
Of soul-inspiring harmony,
To call down seraphs from the sky,
As only meet to praise their Lord !
And yet before th' immortal King
These veil their faces as they sing.

The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Prince of Peace, the King of kings,
The Shiloh, who from David springs ;
Isaiah's Conqueror, Balaam's Star,
Is He, in Bethlehem's manger laid,
Offspring of Judah's humble maid.

Yes ! Heaven proclaims Him ;—hark, the strains
Of angel voices, chanting still,
“ Glory to God, to man good will ! ”
Observed by Bethlehem's wakeful swains,
The firmament above them swarms
With sounding harps and radiant forms.

First of the various tribes of earth,
Who hope redemption from his name,
These shepherds seek Him, and proclaim,
With joy, the heaven-attested birth ;

But rebel Israel scorns her Lord,
And Herod whets his murderous sword.

More numerous than the stars that gild
The vault of heaven, this glorious morn,
Myriads, to life and glory born,
Their homage to their Saviour yield,
The song of angels, chanting still,
“Glory to God, to men good will!”

The EPISTLE, and Second Lessons, Morning and Afternoon.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN.

How do the saints of God abide
Mortality's last storm ?
Does death his crown of terror hide,
And take an angel's form ?

Can the pure spirit pass away
Without tumultuous strife,
Gently unbar its gates of clay,
And "languish into life?"

Once had the Church a servant tried,
For wisdom, virtue, power ;
Yet, like blasphemers Stephen died,
Beneath a stony shower,

Relentless as the flints they seize,
They form their dread array ;
Yet see, he rises on his knees ;
He lifts his hands to pray.

Does he a guardian shield require
O'er his crush'd body spread ;
Or, like Elijah, call down fire,
To strike his murderers dead ?

No! Full in view the heavenly goal,
Thus sounds the parting prayer;
"Lord Jesus, come, receive my soul,
"And these offenders spare."

Thus from the world may Christians part,
By mortal anguish wrung;
Yet die with comfort in their heart,
And blessings on their tongue.

Like holy Stephen, rich in grace,
Forgiving and forgiven,
They crave to see their Master's face
To meet their foes in heaven.

The GOSPEL, and General History of St. John.

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

THE favour'd saint, who loved to rest
His head upon his Master's breast ;
To whom the brethren oft appealed,
To know the truths their Lord concealed ;
Friend of incarnate Deity,
Was John from Adam's sentence free ?

He saw the ruler's daughter break
The bonds of death, when Jesus spake ;
He could with awe divine recount
The vision of the holy mount,
When Moses and Elias told
What Calvary must soon unfold.

He heard, when from the shining cloud
The voice of God his Son avowed ;
And when insnared in traitorous thrall,
He follow'd to the judgment hall ;
When pierced by the Roman spear,
Still was the loved disciple near.

He saw his suff'rings, and believed ;
His virgin mother he received ;

Ardent in zeal, though weak to save,
Last at the cross, first at the grave;
He, too, on Olivet adored,
With angels, his ascending Lord.

Again, in Patmos, exiled, old,
'Twas given him Jesus to behold ;
But Alpha and Omega now,
Brighter than noon-day suns his brow ;
With eyes of flame, and robes of light,
And coming in his Father's might.

Full many a vision Christ revealed,
And John th' inspired volume sealed,
Then died ;—and dare we to complain
Of death, or sorrow, want, or pain ?
The loved disciple of our Lord
Through tribulation sought reward.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

HEROD ! usurping tyrant, stained
With blood of innocence, arraigned
At God's tribunal stand,
And answer to the wailing strain
Of Rachel, for her children slain
On Beth'lem's blood-stain'd land.

Snared by a treacherous decree,
The neighbouring mothers' fearlessly
To David's city bring
Their infant boys ; they lift them high,
And proudly point each laughing eye
To seek th' enthroned king.

Then forth the arm'd assassins leap ;
How loud the shriek, the groans how deep,
That babes and mothers pour !
Sun, from that sight accursed shrink,
And thou, O earth, refuse to drink
The infant martyrs' gore !

But who are these exalted high ?
They bear the palms of victory,

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

And harps of sweetest tone,
Pure and unstain'd, 'mid angel bands,
They sing what no one understands,
But the redeem'd alone.

Proud Idumean ! these are they,
The innocents thy rage could slay,
Thy empire to maintain ;
And now, with David's rightful Seed,
The Prince by thee to death decreed,
They evermore shall reign.

FIRST AFTERNOON LESSON.

HEZEKIAH'S HYMN.

THE writing of the king who lay
To pain an unresisting prey,
Close by the gates of death ;
The writing of the king who gave
To God, who stretch'd his arm to save,
His just-recover'd breath.

“ Remember me, O Lord, I cried,
“ How, with a perfect heart, I tried
“ Thy precepts to obey ;
“ And now, ere half my days are spent,
“ Even like a wandering shepherd's tent,
“ My life must pass away.

“ The Sun, the human face divine,
“ Thy presence in thy glorious shrine,
“ I shall no more behold ;”
I reckon'd, in another day,
That death will crush me as his prey,
And then my days are told.

Like wailing doves, all comfort spurned,
My face unto the wall I turned,

With trembling horror smit ;
My eyes with looking upward fail,
“ Let not my former sins prevail,
“ Lord ! save me from the pit !”

But see ! the man of God appears,
He speaks to me of added years,
He gives th' appointed sign ;
The setting sun aspires again,
The fig's soft pulp allays my pain,
And life and hope are mine.

Call ye my children ;—tell around,
The great deliverance I have found,
Let prayers and praises blend ;
My rescued life to God belongs,
With offerings meet, and endless songs,
I will his courts ascend.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

BAPTISM.

Ye parents, who from Adam own
A nature to corruption prone,
And in the worm your kindred know,
In faith your infant offspring bring,
To that regenerating spring,
Whose waves to heal the nations flow.

Ask not, why inward grace divine
Requires the test of outward sign,
Knowledge must wait a future day ;
Behold the infant Jesus bleed,
As Moses in the law decreed,
And thus a full obedience pay.

'Twas God who issued the command
Which summon'd from Philistia's strand
The Patriarch to Moriah's hill ;
And Isaac, of the promise heir,
Lay on the altar, bound and bare,
And Abraham stretch'd his arm to kill.

The Syrian captain* scorned to lave
His leprosy in Jordan's wave,

* Naaman.

Damascus ! nobler streams were thine !

Yet Jordan's wave alone had force,

To heal his blood's polluted source,

And cleanse him for a life divine.

Naaman was cured, when he obeyed,

And Abraham's lifted arm was stayed,

Yet well was his obedience prized ;

Parents ! the sign by God is given,

Obey the ordinance of heaven,

And bring your babes to be baptized.

THE EPIPHANY.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

"WHO now to Bethlehem's babe resort?"

"Wise Magi from the Sun's uprise!"

"What leads them to his humble court?"

"A starry herald in the skies!"

So guided, straight they seek the king,

In Balaam's prophecy foretold;

To Him th' appointed gifts they bring;

Myrrh, costly frankincense and gold.

Astonish'd, Bethlehem sees each guest

Before the lowly infant lay

Treasures, to monarchs still addrest,

In homage kneel, in worship pray.

"Not here does Jewry's prince abide,

"In Salem's palace Herod reigns;"

But from his courts they turn aside,

And journey to their native plains.

The God they sought is ours: a star,

The lamp of truth, still guides our eyes;

Jesus, we need not travel far,

Beside our hearth thy dwelling lies!

Yet, Star of Bethlehem, shine again
On realms, now sunk in pagan night ;
And call from Asia's furthest plain,
Her myriads into Christian light !

Bid them their votive gifts prepare,
Not unctuous gums, nor burnished gold ;
But incense of perpetual prayer,
And deeds in mercy's book enrolled.

THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS IN
THE TEMPLE.

INCARNATE, in a human frame,
The Lord descended from above ;
The records of his life proclaim
The motive of his mission—love.

But wondering angels seek to know
Why he should cast his pomp aside ;
And nature, with convulsive throes,
Bore witness when her Author died !

With finite powers, unmeet to scan
Truths unreveal'd, 'tis ours to know,
He came to cleanse corrupted man,
And in himself a model show.

Does childhood ask—"How shall I please
"The God I tremble to offend?"
A child from Nazareth he sees,
Journeying at Sion's shrine to bend.

The rocky hill, the thirsty plain,
By the young pilgrim patient trod,
He seeks not Herod's gorgeous train,
His harbour is the house of God.

Docile and meek, the learned seers,
Hearing his questions, wondering stand,
Yet, when his mother's voice he hears,
He follows at her fond command.

Teacher and Guide, in love impart
Thy likeness to our rising race ;
When heavenly wisdom fills the heart
Obedience is its kindred grace!

THE GOSPEL.

THE WATER TURNED INTO WINE.

THE plighted pair were duly blest,
The Master come, the feast prepared,
Impatient sits the Virgin guest,
To see her heavenly Son declared.

The wine is spent ;—she turns to Him,—
Her wishes ask a quick supply ;
Was *He* not vouch'd, in Jordan's stream,
Incarnate Son of Deity ?

Reproved she yields, Immanuel then
Transforms his creature, with a word,
And wine, to glad the heart of men,
Is from the water-vessels pour'd.

And dost thou, child of want or woe,
Of human comforts rarely sip ;
Still does the cup of blessing go,
Untasted, from thy thirsty lip ?

Deem not thyself of God forgot ;
Beside thee stands a power divine,
Mighty to sweeten sorrow's lot,
Or turn its waters into wine.

THE GOSPEL.

THE CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED.

Lo ! in Capernaum's crowded streets,
A Roman chief the Saviour meets,
And for his servant sues ;
"Palsied and helpless, Lord, he lies,
"The life that is within him dies,
"Unless thy word renews."

Such trust, in Israel rarely known,
Such virtue in a heathen shown,—
"I come," the Master saith :
Again the noble warrior bows,
And his humility avows,
Conspicuous as his faith.

"I am a sinner, and beneath
"My roof it meets not to receive
"The Lord of earth and heaven ;
"Speak but a word ; it shall suffice,
"The paralytic shall arise,
"And Satan's bonds be riven.

"I, too, have power : I can command
"The service of a numerous band,

“ Who at my bidding flee,
“ Thy angels stand with outspread wing,
“ To bear the mandates of their King ;
“ For myriads wait on thee.”

The word was spoke, the servant heal'd
And thus the Son of God reveal'd
The statutes of his reign ;
“ Lo ! from the east, west, south and north,
‘ Converts of truth, shall issue forth ;
“ A vast, a joyful train !

“ These shall my Father's courts ascend,
“ With patriarchs and with prophets blend,
“ In worship and in praise ;
“ And, ancient church of God, thou, too,
“ Shalt, at the last, thy youth renew,
“ And one hosanna raise.”

THE GOSPEL.

THE STORM ALLAYED.

LOUD tempests shake the Galilean lake,
 O'er the frail bark the heavy surges break ;
 Around their Lord th' alarm'd disciples crowd,
 Who sleeps serene, by human weakness bow'd :
 Trembling, an instant miracle they crave,
 " Save, Lord, or else we perish ; Jesus, save ! "

The Lord rebukes their faith-subduing fears,
 Do they not know what freight the vessel bears ;
 Is it so long since they the desert trod,
 And saw the Baptist hail the Lamb of God ?
 'Tis but a day since Peter's eyes beheld
 The fever banish'd and his mother heal'd.

" O ye of little faith ! why shrink to bear
 " The perils I, the Lord of Nature, share ? "
 Then to the waves he speaks his sovereign will,
 " Peace, I command ye ! " and the waves are still.
 The loud winds sink to summer's evening balm,
 And as a dewy lawn the sea is calm.

Thus in life's moral storms, affliction, care,
 Still let God's faithful servants bend in prayer ;
 The prayer of fervour, not the prayer of fear ;
 Christ in his interceding love will hear,
Renew our strength, or still the whelming wave.
We shall not perish, Jesus, thou wilt save !

THE GOSPEL.

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

HIS wheat the husbandman prepares,
So doth the enemy his tares ;
The field is ready sown
With plenteous wheat, at early dawn,
But when the watchers are withdrawn,
The noxious seed is strewn.

Together ripening, each appears :
" Whence," say the harvest-men, these tares ;
" Did *we* the germ instil ?"
" An enemy," the Lord rejoins,
" The constant foe of my designs,
" Thus seeks to mar my will."

" Shall we uproot them, for thy field
" Will then a fairer aspect yield ?
" Not so," the Master cries,
" Lest their base roots entwined around,
" Your well-meant industry confound,
" And my good produce dies.

" Blended till harvest let them grow,
" *Then shall my skilful reapers show*

"That I indeed am Lord ;
"The tares in bundles shall they bind,
"To everlasting flames consign'd,
"The wheat in garners hoard."

Thus in the church, God's ample field,
His sovereign purpose is revealed,
To spare th' unhallow'd growth ;
They are not his, but, lest their fall
Some faithful servant should enthrall,
He will not root them forth.

Life's changeful scenes these truths explain ;
With time's probationary reign
These tests of faith will end :
Then all who well their part have done,
More bright than the material sun,
Shall to their God ascend,

THE COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.
—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.
—

A DAY shall be revealed from heaven,
In flaming fire ; a day of doom,
When earth's foundations shall be riven,
And mountains melt, and seas consume !

Mid quenched suns, and falling stars,
The trump of God shall peal aloud ;
Its sound the gate of death unbars,
And nations to their judgment crowd.

Angelic guards, who watch the dust
Of sleeping saints, shall lead them on,
To where the Lord, in whom they trust,
Sits, radiant, on his Father's throne.

But what the bodies they will wear,
The loved disciple could not tell ;
Save that the likeness they would bear
Of Christ, and meet with him to dwell.

To see his Lord, with Him to reign,
Warm with these hopes, the Christian tries
To purify from carnal stain
That body which shall glorious rise.

Was not the Son of God made known,
The works of Satan to destroy ?
The pure in heart, and these alone,
Are meet partakers of his joy.

THE EPISTLE.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

RANGED in a line, on Corinth's strand,
Behold the panting racers stand
Alike ambitious of renown,
Contenders for the promised crown.

By strict restraint and arduous toil
Prepared to brave th' heroic coil,
All *run*; but one the prize receives—
A wreath of perishable leaves.

A hope more bright and certain fires
The Christian, who to heaven aspires ;
O Church of God ! within thy pale,
All, who sincerely strive, prevail.

Not rivals fierce, but friend with friend,
Before an Umpire they contend—
A Judge benignant, whose accord
Gives to the feeblest a reward.

And rich that gift ; a title sure,
A crown unfading, pleasures pure,
Pardon of sin, relief from pain,
And endless life, may all obtain.

Did those who sought the Isthmian goal
Strive for the mastery?—My soul,
Art thou in thy career supine?
Reflect what nobler views are thine !

Were they by temperance renewed ?
And are thy passions unsubdued ?
Haste ! break the chains that would delay,
And speed thee on thy heavenly way !

THE EPISTLE.

ST. PAUL'S BOASTING IN HIS AFFLICTIONS.

WHY, in prosperity's vain hour,
Boast ye of beauty, riches, power ;
Why, with contemptuous aspect, scorn
The wretched, or the meanly-born ;
And haste your flattering court to pay
To each vain idol of the day ?

What was his lot, to whom 'twas given
To lead the Gentile world to heaven ?
A Hebrew, of a line most pure,
Whose wondrous powers diseases cure ;
To whom, in spirit rapt, were shown
The realms of bliss, Jehovah's throne !

Compell'd to boasting, did he dwell
On vision or on miracle ?
He spake of watchings, perils hard,
The robber-band, the prison-guard ;
Of shipwrecks upon lands unknown,
The penal scourge, the missile stone.

Life's humblest comforts ill supplied,
Oppress'd, tormented, and belied,

Yet still, while anguish mark'd his days,
The language of his heart was praise ;
For ever glorying in the thorn
And cross, by his Redeemer borne.

Thus, oft, the Christian's course appears
A pilgrim's, through a vale of tears ;
Yet 'mid that desert, cloud, and storm,
He sees his Father's gracious form ;
And well he knows that Father's hand
Will lead him to the promised land.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE words of love, without its deeds,
Repeated by a specious tongue,
Are like the clamour which proceeds
From hollow cymbals, idly rung ;
But gentle strains, and arts benign,
O, blessed Charity, are thine !

Let views prophetic wrap the seer ;
The sage, at wisdom's call rejoice ;
With happier aim, we ask to hear
The sweetness of thy angel voice ;
That still small voice, which sounds for aye,
When faith and hope have passed away.

He who to wondering man declared
Thy perfect law, thy language spake ;
Thy spirit in his deeds appear'd,
Deeds done in love for mercy's sake ;
And God, in human form enshrined,
Was courteous, humble, patient, kind.

Life's social claims, and duties high,
Alike in his attention shared ;
To Salem, bound for man to die,
Knowing his danger, he repaired,

Yet paused at a blind beggar's cries,
And pour'd the light on rayless eyes.

Thus was the sacrifice perfumed,
And Charity's sweet incense rose
From him who, while his life consumed,
Wept o'er the ruin of his foes ;
And stretch'd, when ent'ring Death's dark land,
To trembling penitence his hand.

There is a world where nobler powers
Our meek endurance will requite,
Where ampler knowledge will be ours,
And clearer visions bless our sight ;
And, every sorrow to remove,
That world will be a world of love.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

REPENTANCE,

Blow ye the trump in Zion! sound
A solemn cry her streets within,
Where stand her priests, on holy ground,
To expiate a nation's sin.

Forth from his bower the bridegroom call;
Her nuptial wreath the bride must rend;
And trembling children prostrate fall;
And age its suppliant hands extend.

"Spare us, O Lord!" is all their cry;
"Oh! let not our misdeeds prevail!
In justice we deserve to die;
But can the fount of mercy fail?"

In sackcloth robed, with ashes spread,
Thus oft offending Judah mourned;
Her incense smoked, her victims bled,
Till from his wrath JEHOVAH turned.

With deeper sense of like misdeeds,
To the same God the CHRISTIAN flies;
But not in mis'ry's squalid weeds,
Not with the pomp of sacrifice.

The alms of mercy, which descend
 Silent as Hermon's blessed dews,
Knees, that in secret homage bend,
 Tears, which the contrite heart renews:

These tears, these prayers, these deeds of love,
 By man unseen, unpraised, unknown,
Our GREAT HIGH PRIEST, in courts above,
 Presents before th' Eternal's throne.

THE GOSPEL.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

IN beauteous Eden Adam fell,
Through craving thirst of specious good ;
But Jesus foiled the prince of hell,
In the wild desert's solitude.

Conscious of some mysterious power,
In Jordan's cleansing waves confessed,
The tempter chose the trying hour,
When Nature's wants imperious pressed.

" Why suffer hunger's pangs ?" he cried,
" When thou canst change to bread a stone ?"
Meekly the Son of God replied,
" Man does not live by bread alone."

" If thou art He, and this thy hour,
" O'er Judah's tribe commence thy reign ;
" Leap from the temple's loftiest tower,
" And angels shall thy weight sustain."

" Tempt not thy God !" the Saviour said.
Still unabash'd, the prince of air
On the lone mountain's top pourtrayed
Extensive realms and cities fair.

" These to my vassals I allow,
" Behold how bright their splendours shine ;
" To me, in duteous worship, bow,
" And call the chief dominion thine."

" Satan, begone ! the King of heaven
" Bestows the world's dominions too :
" To Him alone be worship given !"
Abash'd, the source of lies withdrew.

And angels now their trumpets swell,
And, as they sheathed the flaming sword,
Sung " Man has triumph'd over hell,
And paradise is now restored."

THE GOSPEL.

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

BEHOLD ! a Syrian mother kneels,
 To Israel's Saviour she appeals,
 " Have mercy on me, Lord !
 " Have mercy on my suffering child,
 " Torn by demoniac phrensy wild,
 " Oh, speak the healing word !"

Jesus is silent ; but his train
 Repeat her loud request—in vain :
 The great Redeemer pleads,
 Israel's lost sheep require His care,
 Nor are the Gentiles ripe to share
 His Gospel, or his deeds.

In adoration still she sues ;
 And will the God of love refuse ?
 Is Mercy's fountain dry ?
 Until the chosen seed is fed
 To fulness with the children's bread,
 He must the dogs deny.

*A mother's love is uncontrolled :
 Fervent in faith, in misery bold.*

When thus rebuked, she cries,
" Yet dogs beneath the table eat
" The refuse of the children's meat,
" And refuse will suffice."

Omniscience to the listening crew
Commends the virtue, which he knew
Would not, on trial, fail ;
The Syrian mother's eyes beheld
Her daughter heal'd, the fiend expelled,
And faith's firm prayer prevail.

THE GOSPEL.

THE DEMONIAK REPOSSESSED.

THE sinner oft, by grace constrained,
Or soften'd by affliction's call,
Breaking awhile from Satan's thrall,
And glorying in his strength regained,
Believes the heights of heaven obtained ;
Nor, as he scales them, dreads a fall.

Still dæmons hover o'er their prey,
Who now, dejected and alone,
Regrets his sinful pleasures gone ;
The tedious night, the listless day,
He treads, indeed, the narrow way,
Not yet to him the pleasant one !

His former haunts he yet abhors,
But thinks,—to take a transient view,
To bid some pleasant friend adieu,
To help to break *his* prison doors,
To bring him from his sinful course,
Were virtue, honour, transport too !

He turns again to past delights ;
Voluptuous pleasures, painted halls,
A brighter radiance floods the walls ;
And beauty calls, and wit invites,
Conscience with feeblér effort smites,
And, plunged in sevenfold guilt, he falls !

THE GOSPEL.

THE MULTITUDE MIRACULOUSLY FED.

" GATHER the fragments that remain,
" That nothing may be lost."
Thus did the Son of God ordain,
When he his blessed hands had spread,
And multiplied the fish and bread,
To save a famish'd host.

These fragments the disciples hoard,
To serve their future need ;
For, wisely provident, their Lord
Would not to miracle appeal,
Though he could make a peasant's meal
Those fainting thousands feed.

Divine Exemplar, Teacher, Guide,
In whom, with daily prayer,
We, for our daily wants, confide ;
Dost thou o'er Nature's storehouse reign,
And yet omnipotence restrain,
To teach us frugal care ?

And was the loved disciple taught*
To note this wise command,
The moral of the wonder wrought ;
And shall excess or careless haste
That portion of thy bounty waste
Entrusted to our hand ?

We know that, at the bar of heaven,
Impleaded we must be ;
And, for the blessings thou hast given,
As talents upon surety lent,
If buried, scatter'd or mis-spent,
Account, dread Judge, to thee !

* It has been remarked that the miracle of the loaves and fishes feeding five thousand is the only one of our Lord's miracles which St. John records in common with the other evangelists ; and it is inferred he did it to preserve this moral injunction, which they had omitted.

THE FIRST MORNING LESSON, EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF CHRIST.

- “ JESUS ! if thou art Israel’s King,
“ What worthy gift dost thou afford
“ To those, who to thy altar cling,
“ And sow obedience to thy word ?”
- “ Not earthly honours, fortune’s dower,
“ Nor fame, man’s perishable breath ;
“ A nobler gift bespeaks *my* power ;
“ Redemption from the sight of death !”
- “ Yet Abraham and the prophets died ;
“ Did they not faithfully obey ?
“ Yes ! but your Father’s faith descried
“ With transport my appearing day.”
- “ Ages have roll’d o’er Mamre’s cave,
“ Where sleep the Patriarchs’ forms serene ;
“ Who art thou, who from death canst save ;
“ How canst thou Abraham have seen ?
- “ Before the faithful Abraham’s birth,
“ Ere the drown’d world, or Adam’s fall,
“ *Ere out of nothing* rose the earth,
I AM—the Source, the Judge of all.

- " I **AM**—who with the Hebrew swain
 " In Horeb's burning bush conversed,
" And bade him lead the chosen train
 " From Egypt, by my arm coerced.
- " As sure the tribes of human race
 " From death's stern bondage I will bring;
" Them in a heavenly Canaan place,
 " And rule them as their **PRIEST** and **KING**."
-

THE COLLECT AND EPISTLE.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

WHEN, in the fervent, earnest prayer,
We at Jehovah's footstool fall,
And crave the blessedness to share,
Bought by His death who died for all,
Those graces must our souls adorn
Which shone in Thee, O Virgin-born !

From all eternity the same
With HIM who, on the heavenly throne,
Governs innumerable worlds ; He came
Amongst us as a lowly one ;
Cast his divinity aside,
As man conversed, endured, and died !

Holy and patient, humble, meek,
The cross—the heavy cross—he bore,
Gave to the smiters' blow his cheek ;
While circling thorns his temples tore ;
By rebels mock'd, by thieves reviled,
Till God to man was reconciled.

Wherefore, exalted now on high,
And bearing a transcendent name,
He reigns, th' acknowledged Deity
Of nature's universal frame.

To Him shall every creature bow,
Angels and men His power avow.

His empire to the end of time,
To the earth's doomsday shall extend ;
Then shall the saints, from every clime,
To a new heaven and earth ascend ;
In glorious forms of radiance bright,
Splendid as seen on Tabor's height.

But who these glorious forms shall wear ;
Who in that happy world abide ?
They, who on earth, with constant care,
To imitate their Master tried ;
To meekness shall the crown be given ;
The pure in heart see God in heaven.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

Who comes from Edom trav'ling on ;
What glorious garments doth he don,
 Sprinkled with crimson stains,
Like treaders of the wine-press red,
Mighty to save ? His lofty tread
 A conqueror's port sustains !

And He hath conquer'd !—Death and hell,
Beneath the arduous conflict fell,
 Fought in Gethsemane ;
From rapt Isaiah's words, that burn,
To Salem's garden let us turn,
 And there the struggle see.

“ Father ! ” the suffering Saviour cried,
“ Oh, turn this bitter cup aside,
 “ If such thy blessed will ! ”
Thus prays he, touched with anguish sore,
While oozing from each opened pore,
 Great drops of blood distil.

*His soul was sorrowful to death,
And now he seeks, with faltering breath,*

Support from friendship's power;
The favour'd three, with promise large,
Resolved that duty to discharge,
Yet fail'd to watch one hour !

Again in anguish sounds his prayer,
" If it be possible to spare,
" Father, this cup refrain !"
It is not possible, for yet
Eternal Justice claims the debt ;
The Victim must be slain !

" Lo, then, I come* !" He meekly cries,
First bids his slumbering warders rise,
And, their forgiveness shown,
Meets his betrayer in the path,
And treads the wine-press of God's wrath,
And bears our sins alone.

• Psalm XL. 9.

THE GOSPEL, with reference to MATT. xxvi.

CHRIST REJECTED.

AND do the madden'd people crave
A rebel thief, a murderous slave,
Is he from righteous doom released,
As guerdon for the Paschal feast,
And holy Jesus left to bear
The sentence which his judge would spare ?

Few days have past, since Salem ran
To welcome Him, as God and man,
With garments strewn and palmy boughs,
Messiah, object of their vows,
Destined to sit on David's throne,
For ever God's Anointed One !

Are all the solemn truths He taught,
Are all the miracles He wrought,
His spotless life, his deeds of love,
The voice that own'd him from above,
Are all forgotten ? Is the cry
" Hosanna !" turn'd to " Crucify ! "

*While, with wash'd hands, the Roman lord
Abjures the doom his lips record,*

The Jews to their Barabbas cling ;
Not CHRIST, but CÆSAR, is their king ;
While on their race, in frantic mood,
They imprecate his sacred blood.

Ages have roll'd, and suns have shone
On many a nation, many a throne,
And seen the malediction's weight
Press on Judæa's vanish'd state ;
While in her homeless sons we trace
A scatter'd and degraded race.

Apostate Israel do we blame,
Nor fear our doom will be the same ?
Oft as our rebel hearts begin
To parley with some cherish'd sin,
Barabbas is preferr'd again,
And Christ, rejected, pleads in vain !

THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

THERE is a name, a dreadful one,
In Gospel records stands alone,
For which e'en mercy dares not plead ;
Apostate spirits, plunged in hell,
Might shrink with horror while they tell,
Iscariot, of thy fouler deed !

Partaker of thy Master's hoard,
Permitted, at his social board,
To hear him truths divine proclaim ;
Rank'd as an herald in the band
Who preach'd his Gospel through the land,
And heal'd diseases in his name ;

Thou knew'st, by many a certain sign,
That He was holy and divine ;
And yet *the Christ* thou couldst betray !
A kiss the pledge, the lure a bribe,
Thou didst conduct the murderous tribe,
To where he oft retired to pray !

*Plead not, thou thoughtest angel bands
Would snatch him from their rebel hands,*

Or prophecy must be fulfilled ;
That myriads multiplied now own
Salvation to his death alone ;—
The world's Redeemer thou hast killed !

Plead not the bribe thrown back again ;
Thy grief—confession—all are vain ;
Thy tempters' taunt—the world abjures
The traitor's name. Despair and die ;
Thou beacon, warning us to fly
Expedient crimes and Mammon's lures !

Meek Saviour ! it was right and meet,
Thou shouldst the sacrifice complete,
Ordain'd before creation's morn ;
“ But wo to him who could trepan,
“ With friendship's kiss, the Son of Man ;
“ 'Twere better he had ne'er been born ! ”

The EPISTLE, and JOHN vi. 49, 50.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE SACRAMENT.

THE Paschal supper was prepared ;
The Master shared the feast divine ;
He took the cup, and then declared,
He'd drink no more the crimson wine,
Until his kingdom was reveal'd,
And man's eternal ransom seal'd.

Pledge of that ransom, type and sign,
He pour'd the wine, he broke the bread,
Placed in each hand the gift benign,
And, whilst they greatly wonder'd, said,
"Take ye and eat this sacred food ;
My body this, and this my blood !

"This oft for my remembrance do ;
And, while in love's communion join'd,
By faith that sacrifice review,
Now to be offer'd for mankind."
Lord ! in thy merits thus express'd
Give us with confidence to rest.

And then, with searching scrutiny,
To every thought, and word, and deed,
That test, thy righteous law, apply ;
And then as penitents proceed,
Our sins confess'd, our foes forgiven,
To banquet with the King of heaven.

The EPISTLE and GOSPEL, combining the Accounts of the other Evangelists.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who died
On Calvary ! his wounded side
A stream to cleanse the nations poured ;
Behold the Conqueror, who freed
From Satan's chains the chosen seed,
And sheathed th' avenger's flaming sword !

Behold him in his meekness, still
Intent each purpose to fulfil
For which he left his starry reign !
Equal with God, he threw aside
His heavenly glories, to abide
In sorrow, poverty, and pain !

Accused, condemned, behold him now,
The sharp thorns fest'ring in his brow,
Led forth to die a felon's death !
Meek as the lamb, his emblem, see,
He hangs on the accursed tree,
And yields in agony his breath !

While man his suffering Lord disowns,
Earth trembles with convulsive groans,

Darkness obscures the noonday sun,
And murd'rous Salem views, with dread,
The bodies of the quicken'd dead
Proclaim Messiah's reign begun!

He the prophetic volume sealed,
The breach of man's transgression healed,
Victim, and Priest, and Deity;
In kingly triumph bears to heaven,
As first-fruits of a world forgiven,
The penitent who saw him die.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.

IN the garden's sealed cave,
Swathed and shrouded for the grave,
Lay this day the form of Him,
Whom enthroned seraphim
Worship through heaven's boundless sphere ;
While his spotless soul was gone
To the realms unseen, unknown,
There to prophets, patriarchs, sages,
Elder-born of earliest ages,
As their Saviour to appear.

But a voice divine hath shown
He was God's most Holy One,
On Him corruption might not prey,
His soul in Hades could not stay ;
The debt is paid, the curse sustained,
Soul and body reunite,
The riven sepulchre to smite ;
O'er the bands of death victorious,
Now, beatified and glorious,
First-fruits of a harvest gained !

Ye who weep o'er friendship's bier,
Ye who death's stern summons fear,
See the Roman guard o'erthrown,
See removed the sealed stone,
 And the holy pris'ner free ;
Then recal what Jesus said
To Bethany's afflicted maid* ;
" Mark my words ! The true believer
" Never dies, but lives for ever !"
 Lord ! increase our faith in thee.

* John xi. 26.

ANTHEM before the COLLECT and EPISTLE.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BEHOLD, our Paschal Lamb hath bled,
The victim now is offered,
Justice hath claim'd its due ;
Exulting let us keep the feast,
From viler servitude released,
Than captive Israel knew.

Christ, having risen, escaped the grave,
Death shall no more dominion have
O'er HIM, its conquering Lord ;
Once for a sinful world he died,
But now, the glory cast aside,
Is all in God restored.

First-fruits of Adam's ransom'd race,
He rises to prepare a place
Where the redeem'd shall join ;
Our mouldering bodies, justly slain
By Adam's guilt, in Christ, again
Revive to life divine !

From man came death, the doom of sin ;
But Christ's obedience ushers in

A scene of brighter hue :
Holy and faithful, like their Head,
The path appointed Christians tread,
With heaven, their home, in view.

While in these tenements of clay,
Immured their nobler spirits stay,
Their hearts and hopes, made free,
Scorn to a sordid world to cling,
But, on devotion's seraph wing,
Soar, risen Lord ! to thee.

THE GOSPEL.

THE CONVERSATION AT EMMAUS.

FROM Salem, stain'd with the offence
 Of basely-murder'd innocence,
 To Emmaus two disciples sped,
 Lamenting a loved Master's doom,
 Nor knew him risen from the tomb,
 The glorious first-fruits of the dead ;

In converse deep, the faithful pair
 Impart their doubts and their despair,
 When, lo ! a seeming stranger joins :
 A stranger ? No.—In form, in face,
 Language, benignity and grace,
 Jesus, their lost instructor, shines !

But God's high will, or listless woe,
 Suspends their senses, while they show
 What wondrous scenes their thoughts engross ;
 A prophet owned of God, supplied
 With powers miraculous, had died
 A felon's death upon a cross !

They deemed him destined to create
 Anew Judæa's fall'n estate,

His plough-share o'er her foes to drive ;
Yet he was dead—though some aver
That angels at his sepulchre
Proclaim'd him risen and alive !

“ Oh, slow of spirit !” (in the tone
Of just rebuke replied th' unknown :)
Then, as the Scriptures he explains,
Tells how the law and prophets show
Messiah as a man of woe,
Foredoomed to suffer ere he reigns.

Their minds enlightened, he unseals
Their eyes, and plain himself reveals ;
Then, as he blest their bread, withdrew :
Joyful to Salem they return.
And should not, Lord ! our bosoms burn
As we with them that scene review ?

the SECOND MORNING LESSON, MATT. xxviii., and the EPISTLE.

THE ANGELS AT THE SEPULCHRE.

THE Sabbath past, whose awful gloom
Witness'd Messiah in the tomb

Of Joseph, number'd with the dead,
With balms and spices charged, a train
Of mourning women seek the slain,
By heavenly-minded Mary led.

The dangers which they braved were known ;
The Roman guard, the heavy stone,

Who shall remove ?—What homage calm !
But, in courageous duty bold,
Onward their faithful course they hold,
The sacred relics to embalm.

But ere they went from Salem's tower,
An angel had appear'd, whose power

The sepulchre and garden shook ;
Removed the stone with lightning frown,
Struck the presumptuous soldiers down,
Astonish'd by his withering look.

That angel had retired—his place
Two warders of celestial race,

In shining panoply, supplied ;
And to the faithful mourners said,
"The Lord is risen ;—among the dead
"The living cannot here abide !

"Come, see the place where he was laid,
"And recollect the words he said,
"In Galilee, that he must die,
"Betray'd into the hands of men ;
"And after three days rise again,
"Acknowledged SON of the MOST HIGH !

"But haste, and to the sad eleven
"Say, that the messengers of heaven
"The triumphs of their Lord declare ;
"His flesh corruption could not stain,
"Nor death within its gates detain,
"The Lord of life, creation's Heir."

•

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

CHRIST APPEARING TO THE APOSTLES.

THERE is a conquest, greater far
 Than human wisdom can devise,
 "The Son of God leads on the war*,"
 His hand bestows the victor's prize.

The banner of the cross is spread,
 And hosts unnumber'd crowd around,
 Proclaiming Christ, their heavenly head,
 Who suffer'd, vanquish'd, and is crown'd.

The world to combat they defy,
 Sworn to resist, with holy strife,
 The lustful heart, the evil eye,
 And all the sinful pride of life.

Nor will they yield—a power is given,
 A judgment firm, a strength unquell'd,
 First breathed into the glad eleven,
 When they their risen Lord beheld.

With closed doors, in pale affright
 They met, to wonder and confide ;
 When Jesus burst upon their sight,
 And show'd his pierced hands and side.

And gave them "Peace,"—that peace of God,
Whose joy the faithful only know,
And bade them in the paths he trod,
As heralds of his kingdom, go.

Arm'd with his power, sent in his name,
To found an everlasting reign,
Whose truth th' eternal *Three* proclaim,
And Antichrist assaults in vain !

Lord ! though in fearful times we live,
When Satan arms in full array,
And Thou alone canst conquest give,
Let not our sins the issue stay !

Thine is an everlasting throne,
In purer ages it hath stood,
Unveil'd ; but ev'n in this make known
That it was purchased by thy blood.

THE COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

WITH mutable time-serving laws,
The world solicits our applause
Of models cast in fashion's mould ;
But Christians in their Lord behold
A form unchanging, perfect, fair,
Whose likeness they aspire to wear.

He came as one of Adam's race,
Weak and afflicted, yet in grace
Most powerful ; on the cross he hung,
But no revilings 'scaped his tongue ;
He drain'd the dregs of misery's bowl,
Yet breathed, in mercy's prayer, his soul.

Him as our rule of life we view,
And own him as our Shepherd too ;
When madden'd wolves, with hunger bold,
At midnight bay around the fold,
The hireling from the danger flies ;
The faithful Pastor stands and dies !

The hireling cares not for the shock,
Which whelms the fold and slays the flock ;

But Christ, who deems the sheep his right,
(Bought with a price—how infinite !
The Pastor, prophecy reveals,)
For all his charge compassion feels ;

And, ere his glorious labours rest,
From the sun's rising to the west,
More numerous than the stars at night,
The scatter'd flock shall He unite ;
These all one Shepherd's voice shall hear,
And in one heavenly fold appear.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

JOY IN THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

THERE is a full, a rapturous joy,
Which every sense pervades ;
Before whose beam the dark alloy
Of sad remembrance fades.

So joys the mother, when her pains
And childbed throes are done,
When to her panting breast she strains
Her dear, her first-born son.

So joyed the Saviour's faithful band,
Who met, with terror pale,
To see their Lord among them stand,
And hear his known "All hail !"

Ever the same, but glorified,
The faithful and the true ;
They touch'd his hand, they probed his side,
The risen Christ they knew.

Then thought they of the mournful night
When all their hopes expired,
Of Calvary's tremendous sight,
From which the sun retired !

No ! every former pang forgot,
And each impending ill,
They triumph'd in their glorious lot,
And went rejoicing still.

But higher transports swell the soul
That parts in Christian peace,
And, landed at its heavenly goal,
Finds all its conflicts cease.

Fix'd in an everlasting home,
Secure from guilt and pain,
No more to say, "Lord Jesus come !"
But with him live and reign.

THE COLLECT AND GOSPEL.

PROMISE OF THE COMFORTER.

RECLINING round the paschal board,
While the last supper with their Lord
Th' amazed disciples ate,
And heard his faithful voice declare,
The sufferings that he came to bear,
And their approaching fate ;

Mov'd by their grief, the Son of Man
Reveal'd the Gospel's glorious plan,
To be accomplish'd soon ;
When up to heaven he should ascend,
And thence the Holy Spirit send,
A never-failing boon :—

Spirit of wisdom, to declare
What now their weakness could not bear,
His mercy keeps from view ;
Again, their mem'ry to revive,
Of all he utter'd when alive,
And all his wonders too.

That Spirit would the nations try ;
By miracle and prophecy,

Their unbelief convince ;
The righteousness of God maintain,
Redeem the world from Satan's chain,
And judge that rebel prince.

All-guiding Spirit, Paraclete,
In whom the full perfections meet,
Of peace, and joy, and love ;
Who governs the unruly will,
Opens the narrow mind, and still
Turns it to things above :

Of every happiness the source,
Medium of blessed intercourse,
Who whispers to the soul
The Father's will, shows what was done
To save us, by th' eternal Son,
And what our destined goal.

THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST THE INTERCESSOR.

OUR Priest and King is throned on high,
But still in spirit he is nigh ;
Still for the contrite intercedes,
Still for his church his ransom pleads.

He on the heavenly altar lays
Our wants, our hopes, our prayers, our praise ;
He bids us ask, nor fear to claim
A large endowment, in His name.

But ere our prayers ascend this height,
Much must we heed to pray aright ;
Heaven's ample stores do not unfold
Toys for the vain, for av'rice gold.

Nature's most needful wants supplied,
What can the Christian ask beside ?
Dares he luxurious ease request ?
His Saviour had no home for rest.

Thus should we pray, to shun with care
Our nature's frailty, Satan's snare,
Still by those precepts to abide,
Christ taught, and then exemplified.

If trusted with an ample store,
To help our needy brethren more ;
To think, if scanty means are given,
The suffering virtues fit for heaven.

The Father, the Eternal One,
Loves the redeemed of the Son ;
How loves ?—Let saints and martyrs tell,
Who in eternal glory dwell.

The world, that Jesus overcame,
Had nought to awe them, or inflame ;
Peace in their hearts, they travell'd still,
Through painful paths, to Zion's hill.

The EPISTLE, GOSPEL, and 24th PSALM.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

ANGELS, blow your trumpets high,
Strike your harps in symphony,
To salute your King returning,
With the crowns he hath been earning.

Man is ransom'd, earth restored,
Now, more mighty and more glorious,
Over death and hell victorious,
By the triumph of his grace,
Than when first creation's space
Ranged in order at his word.

Lift your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Lo, the King of Glory waits !
Self-unfolding portals, spring
Open, and the Conqueror bring

To the mansion of His Sire.
Let Him now the seats prepare,
For the myriads who shall share
In His kingdom ; captives all,
Groaning in perdition's thrall,
Rescued from the lake of fire.

Angels ! ye the Lord have seen,
Once the slighted Nazarene,

On the cross ye saw him dying ;
In the cold tomb lifeless lying ;
 Bursting from the sealed stone :
Ye beheld, when Tabor's height
Glitter'd with reflected light,
When, from the parted cloud,
Tones unearthly issued loud,—
 “ Worship my beloved Son ! ”

Angels ! who mankind befriend,
Haste, to Olivet descend,
Say to yon astonish'd train,
Their Master shall return again,
 To judge the world he died to save ;
He shall come in clouds descending,
All your hosts his pomp attending,
But above his seat divine
Shall the bow of mercy shine,
 And redemption's banner wave.

THE COLLECT AND EPISTLE.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SAVIOUR ! who, at thy parting feast,
When sorrow on thy servants press'd,
Didst promise them a comforter,
A guidance that would never err,
All sustaining, and remaining
Heavenly blessings to confer,

Thou dost not call *us* now to drain
The martyr's cup ; yet toil and pain
Pursue thy pilgrims through their way,
Where sins degrade and foes betray ;
Sorely grieved, but relieved
By the hope of brighter day.

How did thy servants, Lord, rejoice,
To hear thy re-awaken'd voice ;
And, rescued from the grave, again
To clasp the Master that was slain !
Yet misdeeming still, and dreaming
Of Messiah's *earthly* reign.

Lord ! when we ask thy Spirit's dower,
'Tis not to climb the seat of power ;

'Tis not our cup with joy to fill,
Nor yet security from ill ;
 But protection and direction,
Till we gain thy holy hill.

When purifying griefs assail,
When entering on death's gloomy vale,
O, King of Glory ! then befriend
Thy suppliants, and thy Spirit send,
 To control us and console us,
Till our mortal conflicts end.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

THE day is come, with one accord,
Waiting the promise of their Lord,
The Twelve in full assembly join ;
A mighty wind the chamber shakes,
The Spirit comes, and fiery flakes,
Like tongues disparted, are the sign.

Sign of that Spirit, who would teach,
Spontaneous, every form of speech,
That baptism, late foretold, of fire,
Sign of the Guide that could not err ;
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Proceeding from the Son and Sire.

'Twas not a transient gift bestow'd,
The speaking symbol firm abode
On every visage, every robe ;
The Roman, Persian, Median, Greek,
Heard Galilean fishers speak
To every nation on the globe.

Various the sounds, but one the theme ;—
The Gift and Giver one they deem ;

WHIT SUNDAY.

Jesus, who died and rose again,
He whom the world desired so long,
The subject of prophetic song,
The Lamb for contrite sinners slain.

With views enlarged, with purpose pure,
With courage fitted to endure
The perils which they saw enjoin'd,
Perfect in memory, wisdom, powers,
No more confined to Salein's towers ;
Henceforth the teachers of mankind.

No more disconsolate and sad,
But, glorying in their graces, glad,
The reign of Christ was now proclaimed,
Strong in his strength, they issued forth,
Prepared to subjugate the earth,
In arms of heavenly temper framed.

The EPISTLE, and the 10th Chapter of Acts.

CONVERSION OF CORNELIUS.

WHAT offerings do the Gentiles bring
To Christ, their new-discover'd King !

What first-fruits on his shrine are laid !
The good Cornelius, wise and brave,
Who alms of mercy largely gave,
Who fasted oft, and always pray'd.

For him, an angel quits the skies ;
For him, by Peter's wondering eyes,
Visions of import deep are seen ;
Types that no more the Gentile race
Are animals abjured and base ;
But wash'd in Jesus' blood, are clean.

See, 'midst his friends assembled, stand
The leader of th' Italian band,
Mute list'ners, while th' Apostle spake
Of miracle and prophecy,
How he had seen Messiah die,
Then from the grave triumphant break !

And ere he paused, the Spirit falls,
On all convened within those walls,

And various tongues the gift explain ;
In speech till then to them unknown,
The converts their Redeemer own,
And yield submission to his reign.

And Peter to the Gentile state
Uncloses the baptismal gate ;
Who shall the following myriads stay ?
They come from earth's remotest strand,
All pilgrims to a heavenly land,
Anxious to learn the living way.

Father and Friend of all mankind,
Thy special mercies, thus we find,
Are, like thy bounty, uncontroll'd ;
When the pure heart for knowledge calls,
The preacher comes, the Spirit falls,
And heaven's eternal gates unfold.

The COLLECT, and the 2nd LESSONS for Morning and Afternoon.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

BAPTIZED into thy sacred name,
Spirit of holiness and love !
Our hearts should feel thy quick'ning flame,
And cherish thy symbolic dove ;
Pure, meek, and pious, they must be,
Or else not temples worthy Thee.

There is a spirit in the earth
Most hostile to thy gifts benign,
For Antichrist hath given it birth ;
And all its votaries bear its sign,—
In hatred from their brother turn—
In hatred their Redeemer spurn.

Spirit of Truth ! thine aid we need ;
The scorner's taunt, the sophist's snare,
May oft thy wand'ring flock mislead,
And lure them from the Shepherd's care ;
Oh, give us wisdom to discern,
Rightly decide, and humbly learn !

Faith, purity, and Christian love,
A threefold test, each spirit tries ;
And these have outward fruits, which prove
The hearts wherein thy treasure lies ;\

Refulgent fruits ! each Christian grace
Maturing, in appropriate place.

In social duty active, kind,
Vice they reprove, they solace care ;
In sorrow—cheerfully resign'd,
Pleased they impart, contented bear ;
While in their souls they keep entire,
With vestal care, devotion's fire.

From thee, alone, these graces spring,
O sanctifying Paraclete !
Spread o'er us thy protecting wing ;
Our unction and thy work complete ;
And plead, in thine unuttered strains,
For sinners, when their Judge arraigns.

THE EPISTLE.

VISION OF THE TRINITY.

BEFORE th' eternal throne
 The rapt Apostle stood,
 While visions, seen by him alone,
 Pour'd their overwhelming flood :
 He heard th' angelic trumpet sound,
 And mighty thunders roll around :

At Sinai's base, of old,
 This charge did Moses give ;
 " Raise an impervious fence around,
 " None can see God and live : " *
 But John might gaze ; for round the throne
 The rainbow's emerald lustre shone.

In form ineffable
 He saw the Uncreate,
 Nor could the jasper's brightness tell
 The glories of his state ;
 Elders around, in white array'd,
 Their golden crowns and harps display'd.

While the wing'd cherubim
 Chaunt the thrice Holy Lord,
 The elders cast their crowns to Him
 Who gave them that reward ;

Of all perfection source and sum,
Who is, and was, and is to come.

Yet did His grace divine,
To save a world undone,
In man's terrestrial form enshrine
The Godhead of the Son ;
And then the Spirit's gifts supplied
Those sevenfold lamps that light and guide.

Thus John with wonder saw,
In the celestial choir,
The terrors of the ancient law,
The thunder and the fire ;
While the slain Lamb, the lamps, and bow,
The covenant of mercy show.

THE GOSPEL.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

THE beggar dies,—the wretch forlorn
Who, suffering, at the portal lay,
And craved the fragments, which, in scorn,
The wealthy lord had cast away.

A little earth his body hides,
No weeping friends their grief expressed,
Yet heavenly angels are his guides.
And paradise his land of rest.

The rich man dies, and pageants wait
His body to its marble cell ;
But torments are his future fate,
His melancholy sojourn, hell.

There distant far, on Abraham's breast,
The beggar whom he spurn'd he sees,
While he, unheeded, must request
A cooling drop, a moment's ease.

A deep, impervious, endless bourn
Divides the realms of joy and pain ;
Nor can the dead to life return,
To aid the preacher's warning strain,

—To say the slighted Lazar prayed,
Endured, believed, and dying, found
The wrongs he suffered here repaid,
And piety and patience crown'd.

From thee, lost Dives, and thy fate,
With shuddering dread we turn away,
To hear, ere yet it be too late,
What Moses and the prophets say.

THE EPISTLE.

ST. JOHN'S EXHORTATION TO BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE venerable Saint behold,
 Who leaned upon his Master's breast,
 Addressing now the Christian fold,
 Whom long his pastoral guidance blessed :
 Their sufferings and their hopes he shares,
 And blends his precepts with his prayers.

" My children, live in mutual love ;
 " My little children," he again
 Exhorts, " let kindly feelings prove
 " Ye are not of the race of Cain :
 " Hatred engenders murd'rous strife,
 " But ye have passed from death to life.

" Was not the love of God displayed
 " To sinners, when His Son was slain ?
 " His blood for man a ransom paid ;
 " As brethren, then, let men remain :
 " Still let a Christian's weal appear,
 " E'en as our own existence, dear.

" Can ye behold another pine,
 " And yet superfluous wealth withhold ?
 " Where now abides the love divine ;
 " Is gratitude, is duty cold ?

- " Love not in words ; for God surveys
" Your secret thoughts, and marks your ways.
- " There is a record in the soul,
" A witness in each human breast,
" Designed our actions to control ;
" If that acquit us, we are blest :
" Rooted in faith, and showing still,
" Th' obedience of an holy will.
- " O'er such a soul the Spirit reigns,
" Inspiring love and holy fear ;
" And Providence, all-watchful, deigns
" His constant guardian to appear ;
" His prayers, in confidence preferred,
" Are by his heavenly Father heard."
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THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE LOST SHEEP.

O, LET not humble sorrow fear
Its cries will miss Jehovah's ear ;
 Though myriad myriads crowd his throne,
Though countless worlds obey his nod,
Th' all-seeing and all-gracious God
 Will hear contrition's fervent groan.

'Tis thus the wandering sheep doth share
The shepherd's most endearing care ;
 For it, awhile the flock he leaves,
And when he hears the wanderer's cries,
Back on his shoulders bears the prize,
 And joyful in his fold receives.

Thus doth the frugal housewife light
Her lamp, and search, through all the night :
 Some coin misplaced her care employs,
She thinks not of her casket's hoard ;
But, when the lost one is restored,
 She calls her friends to share her joys.

And thus eternal Love regains
The wandering soul, the weak sustains,

And for the hungry food provides ;
Thus Providence His love displays,
And round our bed, and o'er our ways,
With lamp for ever burning glides.

Thus joy the angels to behold
A convert in the Gospel-fold
Entering, though at the latest hour ;
A human soul ! more precious far,
More durable, than sun or star,
For ever snatch'd from Satan's power.

COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.

THE BEAM AND THE MOTE.

YE who with fervent zeal implore
Your God's protecting hand,
To steer your course, until ye land
Upon a heavenly shore,
Your present blessings well employ,
Then breathe that prayer with hope and joy.

Or say, do grievous sorrows try ?
Submit ; they come from Him ;
The Christian's eye with tears is dim,
Yet may it well descry
The body, from the grave restored,
In heavenly mansions with the Lord.

That bliss he strives for all his days ;
Compassionate and kind,
He deals the measure he would find
From man, when man repays ;
And, when he meets with souls ingrate,
Looks meekly to a future state.

Still is he watchful, lest his heart
Be of self-love the seat ;
Lest pride should tempt his erring feet,
From duty to depart ;

And, whilst he quits his heavenly guide,
Blindly to lead the blind aside.

How fearful must his danger prove,
Himself the rule of right,
The beam unseen, which shuts out light,
He aims not to remove ;
Yet from his brother's eye would clear
A mote, which draws a transient tear.

Thou hypocrite ! thyself arraign,
Show rigid justice, here ;
'Tis merciful to be sincere,
Touching our own deep stain :
But, when another's faults are scann'd,
O treat them with a lenient hand !

THE COLLECT AND GOSPEL.

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

O, LET not industry despair,
Nor Christian meekness shrink to bear
Adversity's refining woes ;
Nor, should the scale of fortune turn
To full possession, fail to learn,
The source from whence abundance flows.

Did not Bethsaida's fishers wake
All night, and vainly drag the lake,
Till from their vessels Jesus taught ;
Then, at the heavenly Teacher's call,
Again their empty nets let fall,
Which strained beneath the burden caught?

Enriched and joyful, Jonas' son
Did not to idle riot run,
Or tremble for the o'erloaded ships ;
Grateful, as ready to obey,
Prostrate before the Lord he lay,
And pour'd forth thanks with quivering lips.

" Depart ! " he cried ; but spake in awe,
For he a God incarnate saw,

Thought of his sins, and feared to die ;
Yet, while " Depart " was on his tongue,
Still to the Saviour's knees he clung,
And wish'd his presence ever nigh.

Lord, may thy church, which hands unskilled
Thy heavenly wisdom call'd to build,
A godly quiet always own !
Or, should its lapsing zeal require
Affliction's renovating fire,
Remain its stedfast corner-stone.

THE GOSPEL.

THE ACCEPTABLE WORSHIPPER.

ALL ye who for Jehovah's shrine
Your votive sacrifice provide,
Know, His omniscience is divine,
Your inmost heart by Him is tried ;
Then, if some cherish'd sin is there,
Withhold the gift, defer the prayer.

The Majesty of heaven disdained
The offering Saul from Agag saved ;
And long the stony heap remained
O'er the cursed spoil that Achan craved ;
David must not the temple build,
The blood of man his hands had spill'd.

Nor must thy hands alone be clean,
Thy heart must be from rancour free ;
Shall there, in Christian realms be seen
The self-applauding Pharisee,
Who to the sanctuary brings
What most offends the King of kings ?

Ere on the altar's step thou kneel,
Ask—"Have I done my neighbour wrong?"
Then go, by retribution heal
The mischief of thy hand and tongue ;

If possible, thy foe entreat
To join thee in communion sweet.

Then shall no more that inward fear, .
Which quails the hypocrite, be thine ;
God will accept thy gift sincere,
And to thy contrite prayers incline :
Hell's dreary prison thou shalt shun,
And sojourn with the Holy One.

THE COLLECT, AND EPISTLE.

THE SLAVERY OF SIN.

How many captives groan beneath
The tyranny of sin and death !
Unconscious of their state, they shun
The freedom through their Saviour won,
The gifts he largely offers, spurn,
And from his gentle guidance turn.

Can they be free, who follow still
The impulse of a craving will ?
Th' adventurer, whom winds have driven
On rocks, by which his bark is riven,
May thus be said to choose and crave
His treasures' wreck, his early grave.

Is Avarice free ? His daily toil
Delves deep an unrequiting soil,
Though moth and rust his stores consume,
Yet still to keep them is his doom ;
A captive, to the galley broke,
Thus ceaseless plies th' unvarying stroke.

Behold Ambition in its course,
Lashed on like some high-mettled horse,

Goaded by whip, and spur, and rein,
 The trophy of success to gain ;
 Can he be free, his couch unblest
 By the poor peasant's scanty rest ?

How do the savage passions grind
 The breasts in which they are enshrined !
 The worm undying Envy brings,
 Malicious Hate, its scorpion stings,
 And Pride a burdened vassal goads,
 Who faints beneath its cumb'rous loads.

Lord ! from such thraldom keep us free ;
 Graft in our hearts the love of Thee :
 O give us virtue, give us peace,
 The fruits of holiness increase ;
 Till in thy Zion, free and blest,
 We enter thy eternal rest.

THE GOSPEL.

THE CHURCH CHRIST'S VINEYARD.

As plenteous fruit and perfect seeds
Denote the value of the tree,
So, in the Christian's holy deeds,
The power of Christian faith we see :
As well might grapes on thorns be found,
As charity in minds unsound.

The church of Christ is oft compared,
Most meetly, to a vineyard fair ;
The sacred Planter hath declared,
He views it with peculiar care :
Fruit of his labours, it shall last,
Till the great trumpet's awful blast.

Yet oft, before the day of doom,
Ungential seasons will impend ;
And careless husbandmen consume,
Or mar the produce they should tend ;
And bring upon the barren vine
A curse and influence malign.

Although the bud of priceless worth
Was on the stock engrafted firm,
Yet, if the rank shoots, issuing forth,
Abstract the juices from the germ.

The foliage may luxuriant rise,
While the rich scion shrinks and dies.

Lord ! are there some who bear thy name,
Yet in their hearts thy rule disown ?
What secrets will that day proclaim,
When thou assum'st thy judgment throne !
" Lord, Lord !" these hypocrites will say,
And thou,—" I know you not, away !"

THE EPISTLE.

ISRAEL OUR WARNING.

THE ancient church of Israel shows
Like beacons on a fatal strand,
To mark our danger and our woes,
When, rushing on, our vessel goes,
Regardless of the pilot's hand ;

Rescued by miracle, sustained
With angels' food in deserts wide,
E'en while the gushing rock they drained
For Egypt's flesh-pots they complained ;
For quails they lusted, ate, and died.

Their robes unrent, their shoes unworn,
Rebels and wanderers many a year,
Forgetting Sinai's awful morn,
Their promised land and God they scorn,
And Baal's impious altars rear.

Thus in the wilderness they died,
Nor reach the land they strove to gain ;
Like them, by covenant allied
To God, and with temptations tried,
How shall we 'scape rebellion's stain ?

Jesus ! on Thee our hopes rely ;
While, in the confidence of prayer,
We view thy banners lifted high,
The serpent's poison we defy,
Nor lust, nor murmur, nor despair.

Like Israel's do our conflicts seem ?
Superior aid to us is given ;
We drink salvation's copious stream,
We walk in truth's unclouded beam,
Not Canaan is our home—but heaven !

THE COLLECT AND GOSPEL.

HRIST'S PREDICTION CONCERNING JERUSALEM.

WHERE Olivet, with verdant swell,
Rises o'er Bethany's fair bowers,
The Saviour paused, to bid farewell
To scenes where he was wont to dwell,
Proud Salem's temple, walls and towers.

With all a prophet's prescient gaze,
And patriot's holy grief, he stood,
And saw that peerless temple blaze,
The battering-ram those bulwarks raze,
And eagles, gorged with infant blood.

A fearful scene of woe and crime
Appears in vision, while he cries,—
“ Ah ! hadst thou known, in this thy time,
“ When mercy visited thy clime,
“ Ere peace was hidden from thine eyes !

“ My house of prayer, the chosen place
“ Of my abode, your sins profane ;
“ Go, thankless and obdurate race,
“ Wander in desolate disgrace,
“ And bear the rod your sins ordain !”

Lord ! while we tremble at the doom
Salem from slighted mercy met,
While yet for pardon there is room,
Ere in thine anger we consume,
Press'd by an unrequited debt;

Teach us to pray :—to pray aright,
With frequent, contrite, earnest prayer ;
And, ere our day shall sink in night,
To seek for thy directing light,
Lest we the fate of Salem share.

THE GOSPEL.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

JEHOVAH issues his commands,
He bids us seek the house of prayer ;
And to his courts, in countless bands,
The numerous tribes of earth repair.

Come they as worshippers, to pay
Their common Lord observance meet ;
As contrite sinners do they lay
Their burdens at their Saviour's feet ?

To Sion's shrine, with different hearts,
In elder times, two votaries came ;
One, conscious of presumed deserts,
The other, bowed with grief and shame.

One argued thus :—" I have obeyed ;
" I've done all good ;" and claimed reward ;
His neighbour, weeping, pale, dismayed,
Could only utter,—" Mercy, Lord !"

Who thence returned, unheard, unblest ?
The boaster, who on worth relied.
Who felt the calm of holy rest ?
The sinner, that for pardon cried.

THE GOSPEL.

THE DEAF AND DUMB MAN CURED.

WHO, by the Galilean lake,
 Wistful beholds the surges rise ;
 Yet never hears their thunders break,
 Nor tells his soul-felt ecstasies ?

He cannot utter prayer or praise,
 Hear love's sweet voice, or music's song,
 And nature meets his ardent gaze,
 A volume in an unknown tongue.

His soul, as in a deep eclipse,
 Moves in a sphere obscure, unknown ;
 While to his eye the moving lips
 Poorly supply the vocal tone.

Drawn by a crowd, he hastes to meet
 Messiah, now, in mercy come ;
 They grasp the wonder-worker's feet,
 And plead with fervour for the dumb.

“ Grant him the power at birth denied,
 “ The social sense on us conferred.”
The Saviour does not turn aside,
 But speaks the all-compelling word.

That word is heard ! The loosened tongue
To echo back the accent tries,
Strong is his faith, his transport strong,
And " Ephphatha," he gladly cries ;

Then joins the host, whose choral swell
Of loud Hosannas issues clear ;
" Thou, Jesus, doest all things well ;
The dumb can speak, the deaf can hear !"

THE GOSPEL.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

“WHO is my neighbour?”—Dost thou ask?
 He who requires thy social aid,
 Who faints beneath affliction’s task,
 Or withers in misfortune’s shade.

“What are his claims?”—Consult thine heart;
 Ask what it needs, when rack’d by woe:
 Think, God may quickly change thy part,
 And lay thy prosperous fortunes low.

Need’st thou example?—Turn thy sight
 To one who, of an erring creed,
 Adored upon Gerizim’s height,
 But was, in spirit, Abraham’s seed.

Far in a pathless desert wide,
 A Jew, by robbers wounded, lay;
 Th’ un pitying priest had turned aside,
 The Levite pass’d another way.

Compatriots both! With zealous toil
 Samaria’s son relieves his need;
Binds up his gashes, pours the oil,
And seats him on his gentle steed.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 113

With frugal care his wants supplies,
Restores him to the haunts of men,
And, provident, at parting cries,—
“ Support him till I come again.”

Such is the neighbour Christ commends,
O God ! to us may grace be given,
To treat our fellow-men as friends,
Then shalt thou be our friend in heaven.

THE GOSPEL.

THE LEPERS CLEANSED.

BEHOLD ! yon insulated band
Of Lepers, ten together stand,
From social life disjoin'd ;
They tread the wilderness alone,
Or, in the sympathetic groan,
A sad communion find.

But He who comes for Israel's weal,
The leprosy of sin to heal,
The Son of God, appears ;
Lord of the body and the soul,
Can he not make th' infected whole,
Who dries the sinner's tears ?

Humbly at distance they implore,
" Our perish'd flesh, O Christ, restore,
" Our burning anguish cure ;"
" Go seek the priest," the Lord replied ;
And, sudden, life's corrupted tide
Runs, like an infant's, pure.

• Yes, ten are cured, but nine retain
Ingratitude's corrupting stain :
All could with fervour sue,
One only, with devotion meet,
Clings to the great Physician's feet,
And pays the tribute due.

My soul, dost thou with truth accuse
These leprous and unworthy Jews,
Yet to their fault incline ?
Mercies as great thy days have crown'd :
Art thou with thy Redeemer found,
Or wandering, like the nine ?

THE GOSPEL.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

WHY sinks my heart in danger's hour,
 Why is my soul with doubts oppressed ;
 Mindless of God's superior power,
 Shall Mammon's care corrode my breast ?
 Does not each creature, every flower,
 A special Providence attest ?

In air the feather'd songsters play,
 Their hourly wants by God supplied ;
 O'er seas and wilds they find their way
 To lands unseen, with God their guide ;
 He clothes the lily in array,
 That shames the pomp of regal pride.

Provides He for the vagrant bird,
 And flower that will at evening fade ?
 Then why, my soul, distrust his word ?
 Has not unfailing Mercy said,
 " Be all thy wants to me referred ;
 " *Sufficient for thee is my aid ?*

“ Can all thy cares for earthly good

“ Secure thine everlasting rest ?

“ Life is more precious far than food,

“ Thy soul more costly than thy vest :

“ Why on to-morrow’s evil brood ?

“ Be wise : the passing hour arrest.

“ The life I gave I will sustain

“ With needful goods ; but chiefly seek

“ The riches of my heavenly reign.

“ Learn how I recompense the meek :

“ That suppliant never asks in vain,

“ Whose prayers the lowly heart bespeak.”

THE GOSPEL.

THE WIDOW'S SON RAISED.

BLEST is the city, in whose gates
The life-restoring Saviour waits,
To hear when sorrow calls ;
And blest is Galilean Nain,
Though small in Israel's cities' train,
For Christ is in her walls.

There is a crowd, there is a cry ;
A death-procession passes by,
How mournful the display !
In strength and bloom, in manhood's pride,
A mother's only son has died,
A widow's only stay.

See her the sable bier attend,
And many a neighbour, many a friend,
Repeats her plaintive cries.
A voice divine arrests the bier,
It strikes the grieving mother's ear,
And bids the sleeper rise.

*But now, his human sojourn done,
Heaven hath received th' incarnate Son,*

No more with Death to strive ;
Till, at creation's final hour,
The trumpet cleaves the grave with power,
And Adam's race revive.

Mother ! Doth Satan's power entomb
Thy darling's soul ? Wouldst thou relume
The heavenly light within ?
Despair not ; in our Sion's walls
The voice of Jesus daily calls,
" Arise, ye dead in sin ! "

THE GOSPEL.

THE DROPSY HEALED ON THE SABBATH.

AGAIN the sabbath-morn returns,
The waking Christian, joyful, spurns
The taint of Mammon's leaven ;
But not in luxury or ease,
To waste the hours which he must seize,
To speed his course to heaven.

On sabbath-deeds of mercy, done
Through faith in God's incarnate Son,
Shall heavenly blessings fall :
The Gospel records oft attest,
That Christ employ'd the day of rest
In lightening misery's thrall.

O Guide and Saviour ! we appeal
To thee for succour, as we kneel
Before the throne of grace ;
Give us the kindness, meekness, love,
Which flourish in thy courts above,
Which marked thy mortal race !

*Hast thou not said, " Be pitiful,
" Be courteous, let not envy dull*

“ The graces I impart ;
“ I go a banquet to prepare,
“ Where they the highest seats will share,
“ Who bring the humblest heart ?

“ For in a heart I cannot dwell,
“ When pride or anger bid, it swell,
“ My unction to destroy ;
“ But my redeem'd, in spirit one,
“ Their task of love and mercy done,
“ Partake my endless joy.”

THE GOSPEL.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

O THOU, whom Jewish seers record
As David's Son and David's Lord,
Ancient of days, yet virgin-born,
The Lamb of God, the Star of morn !
Thou, who with sinful man didst dwell,
To make the Godhead visible,
Teach us (we supplicate with awe)
The first great precept of thy law.

"The love of God !" But man, how changed !
From native purity estranged,
Ere he this precept can fulfil,
Implores thee to bestow the will ;
How else can Faith her altars rear,
How can he 'scape temptation's snare ?
He has no worthiness to plead,
Unless a perfect victim bleed.

High raised all human ken above,
God's full perfection passeth love ;
*We pray, we praise, but trembling wait
The vision of an holier state ;*

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 123

O Thou, to whom our wants are known,
Forgive the weakness we bemoan,
And teach us, in this world of woe,
What objects we should love, to know.

“Thy neighbour,”—Which? “All who demand
“Thy yearning heart, thy helping hand;
“The rich, the poor, the weak, the wise;
“Kindred, and friends, and enemies.”
How must I love? in what degree?
“E'en as thyself, as God loved thee;
“From Adam sprung, in Christ forgiven,
“Brethren alike in earth and heaven.”

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE PARALYTIC HEALED.

ON twofold purpose Jesus left
 The glories of his Father's reign :
 Satan had bound, with double chain,
 A world, of every hope bereft,
 The sad abode of guilt and pain.

Well was the tempter's wrath revealed ;
 Man's tortured frame, and guilty soul,
 Required a Saviour's kind control ;
 The leprosy of sin he healed,
 And made the ulcer'd lazarus whole.

Then, Salem, was thy promised day,
 When in thy crowded streets were seen
 The palsied, with exulting mien,
 Bearing the beds on which they lay,
 And worshipping the Nazarene !

But thou that day of grace didst scorn,
 And further mercies were denied ;
 The blessing of the crucified
Imparted to a race unborn,
For whom heaven's gates shall open wide.

In darkness sunk, the Gentile world
Beheld redemption's wondrous light;
New motives, purer deeds excite,
And Satan from his empire hurled,
And man with man in love unite.

The new Jerusalem shall view,
In her thronged courts, a ransomed train,
The never-ceasing song sustain,
To Him who did their souls renew,
The Lamb, from earth's foundation slain.

THE COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.

THE PARABLE OF THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

CHRIST hath espoused the church, his bride,
 God will the nuptial feast prepare;
 His messengers, on every side,
 Entreat his subjects to provide
 Meet vestments, and the banquet share.

Mistaken men ! he calls you not
 To feel rebellion's due reward ;
 Your former trespasses forgot,
 Yours is a high and envied lot,
 The court—the table of your Lord.

But all refused, or rudely made
 Some slight excuse—the farm, the mart ;
 Could marriage-contracts be delayed,
 Or claims of urgent business stayed ?—
 The messengers in grief depart.

Yet, gracious Monarch ! not in vain
 Hast thou with dainties spread thy board ;
 The messengers go forth again,
And myriads form the bridal train,
And myriads hymn their bounteous Lord.

Yet at the table is there seen

One, who th' appointed garb disdains ;
With hands unwashed, and heart unclean,
Unmeet to share these joys serene ;
Go, bear him to eternal pains.

But, for the rest, who promptly came,

Prepared in body, soul, and mind,
Perpetual songs their joys proclaim,
Chanting for evermore thy name,
Jesus, thou Saviour of mankind !

THE EPISTLE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOUR.

THE Christian, doomed awhile to dwell
 Far from the home he hopes to gain,
 Beset with foes from earth and hell,
 Who wound his peace, his virtue stain,
 Conscious that mortal arms must fail,
 Arrays himself in heavenly mail.

Let principalities and powers,
 The storms of persecution raise ;
 He walks amid the burning showers,
 Nor feels the darts, nor dreads the blaze ;
 Securely walks,—for, o'er his head,
 Faith's adamantine shield is spread.

Let sophistry his soul entice,
 With wisdom's voice and friendship's smile,
 To daring guilt, or secret vice,
 He spurns the snare, he breaks the toil ;
 Still wielding the resistless sword,
 The falchion of the written word.

*Let falsehood creep through slippery ways,
 Truth as a baldrick girds his loins,*

High on his head, with steady rays,
The helmet of salvation shines ;
How firm his step, how calm his mien,
While darkness shrouds this earthly scene !

Though malice, envy, rage, and pride,
May in high place exalted dwell,
With righteousness, that breast-plate tried,
He can their deadly shafts repel ,
His feet with gospel meekness shod,
Meet sandals for the child of God.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

To Him, from whom all blessings flow,
What tribute does the Christian owe ;
What votive altars should he raise ?
A chasten'd spirit, humble thought,
A heart, with social duty fraught,
A constant sacrifice of praise ;

Perpetual thanks, e'en when His hand
Afflicts us, when his high command
Bids us some darling wish resign ;
Perpetual prayer, intense desire
For that pure Spirit's guiding fire,
Which lights us to his courts divine.

Within that peaceful, holy pale,
No furious passions can assail,
No brooded wrongs to vengeance move.
They only for that state are meet,
Who their offending brethren greet,
With yieldings and relenting love.

*Burdened with sins, a countless debt,
Can we the clemency forget,*

Which freed us from the galling load ;
Sternly exact each trivial due,
And, when our fellow-servants sue,
Their need to instant payment goad ?

The God of mercy, He who hears
The sighs of sorrow, mocks the tears
That unforgiving culprits shed ;
Abandon'd at their latest hour,
Aliens from God, in Satan's power,
By him to endless torments led,

In realms where hope, with faintest light,
Can never pierce eternal night,
With spirits like their own to dwell ;
Where (how I tremble at the name !)
Revenge and malice feed the flame,
And aggravate the pangs of hell.

THE GOSPEL.

PAYING TRIBUTE TO CÆSAR.

TYRANNIC power and factious zeal
Unite, the Saviour to betray ;
Pretending love to public weal,
To Him, as umpire, they appeal,
“ Should we to Cæsar tribute pay ? ”

Their treachery the Lord disdains,
And sternly chides the guileful crew ;
“ The impress on your coin explains
“ That Cæsar here, as sovereign reigns—
“ To Cæsar render Cæsar’s due,”

“ Nor yet the rights of God withhold : ”
Thus, zealous for his heavenly Sire,
And in his holy cause thus bold,
He their hypocrisy controlled :
Amazed they hear, abashed retire.

In vain the people round him press,
And David’s sceptre on him urge ;
He came to comfort and to bless,
*To cure their blindness, to repress
The crimes which brought the Roman scourge.*

By miracle he tribute pays,
Each human ordinance he keeps,
Blameless in all things he obeys,
Dying, for Israel's weal he prays,
Dying, o'er Salem's ruin weeps.

While in the court or camp of kings,
The senate, or the forum's strife,
The sordid mind to Mammon clings ;
The Christian's soul to Jesus springs,
His model, and his rule of life.

Thus taught, the Christian patriot stands,
A prize immortal full in view,
With guileless heart, and unstain'd hands,
Gives to his king all just demands,
And pays to God his tribute too.

THE RAISING JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

THE JEWISH ruler quits his home,
And fervently implores the Lord ;
" My only daughter dies ; but come !
" Her sickness will obey thy word."

The Saviour goes :—One, who, for health
Had spent her all, by crowds concealed,
Touches his sacred robe by stealth,
And, trembling, finds her sorrows healed.

Discovered, pardoned, she retires,
Grace was vouchsafed to faith sincere.
Then as the father's hope aspires,
What heavy tidings meet his ear !

" All shrouded on her virgin bed,
" Pallid her cheek, and cold her brow,
" The minstrels mourn thy daughter dead,
" O, trouble not the Master now."

" Fear not," saith Jesus, " but believe ;"
The ruler on his word relies ;
Touch'd by that hand, his eyes perceive
His child revive, and wake, and rise.

Thus, equal deeds of mercy blessed
The powerful suppliant, and the poor,
The quick'ning hand, the healing vest,
Restored the dead, or wrought the cure.

Thus faith received its promised dower;
Unclosed were mercy's gates to prayer;
Go, mourner, and, in misery's hour,
Apply to heaven, for Christ is there !

THE EPISTLE.

CHRIST THE BRANCH.

A PROPHET speaks ; the same whose tears deplored
 Josiah smote by Pharaoh's victor sword,
 Who mourned o'er captive Salem's fall'n estate,
 When, like a widow, she sat desolate ;
 Then woke his harp to joy's triumphant strain,
 The glory of Messiah's future reign.

Behold his emblem is a tree, which shoots
 Upwards to heaven, though fixed to earth its roots ;
 Its branches in their fulness wide displayed
 Heal all the tribes reposing in its shade :
 Let wandering Israel to its refuge flee,
 This was the scion sprung from David's tree.

Justice and Peace his attributes proclaim,
 "The Lord our Righteousness" shall be his name !
 Then truth its glorious empire shall extend
 O'er all the earth, to ages without end,
 Till from the firmament the sun hath fled,
 And falling stars announce the day of dread.

No more the church recounts, in lofty strain,
 Israel delivered from the Egyptian chain ;
 A greater rescue claims her votive breath,
 When the freed captives of defeated death,
*In countless myriads, rise, and shouting come
 To heavenly Canaan their eternal home.*

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE MINISTRY OF THE APOSTLES.

YE souls sincere, prepare to meet
The welcome summons of your Lord,
To say, how beautiful the feet
Of those, who contrite sinners greet
With tidings of a heaven restored ;

Nor think, if poverty's your lot,
That this can mercy's course restrain ?
O, slow of heart ! have ye forgot,
That from the fisher's humble cot
Messiah call'd his chosen train ?

And they who, from the stormy lake,
With peril gain'd a scanty fare,
Were sent a nobler spoil to take,—
To bid a slumbering world awake,—
To kings the news of pardon bear.

To them (in presence mean and poor)
From every land th' afflicted came ;
When art and science failed to cure,
These pilgrims could, by prayer, ensure
A peaceful soul, a healthy frame.

Thus, rich in graces, could they fear
The lingering cross, the blazing pile,
The lion's fangs, the gory spear?
Was not the succouring angel near*?
Did not their Lord approving smile?

Thus beautiful the feet of them
Who first salvation's banner spread ;
Thus beamed faith's newly-burnished gem ;
Thus grew the branch from Christ, the stem ;
Thus joined the members to their Head.

* Alluding to a striking circumstance, related in BISHOP HEBER's sermon on TIME AND ETERNITY.

THE GOSPEL.

MERCY TO HUMAN INFIRMITY.

VAIN, inconsistent man ! in conduct strange,
The wind, thine emblem, not more prone to change ;
Yet, if the search of truth thy conduct guides,
Indulgent mercy pardons while it chides.
Such heavenly favour the disciple proved,
Who proudly doubted, but intensely loved.

When from Bethabara the Saviour sped
To Bethany, to quicken Lazarus dead,
The fearful twelve debated, for they knew
Insatiate malice would his steps pursue ;
Till faithful Thomas made the bold reply,—
“ Let us go with our Master, too, and die ! ”

And could he doubt, who saw his Lord thus break
Death's stony sleep, that he himself would wake,
And rise unto the Father, and appear
And speak to those who shared his presence here ?
Ah ! how could he a doubter still abide,
Till he had felt his hands, and touch'd his side !

But Jesus deigned to pardon him this wrong,
His touch permitted, and his faith made strong ;
And Thomas, as the glorious wounds he pressed,
With faith sincere his Lord and God confessed ;
Whilst we this cheering comfort have received ;—
“ Blessed are those who've seen not, yet believed ! ”

THE EPISTLE.

THE CHOSEN VESSEL.

DAMASCUS, o'er thy flowery meads
Accoutred horsemen urge their steeds ;
And through thy fragrant gardens wind ;
The leader of that company,
Commissioned by a fierce decree,
The worshippers of Christ to bind.

That leader, Saul !—his heart imbued
With rage, his hands with Stephen's blood ;
Deep-learn'd, but arrogant and stern :
He comes, determin'd to fulfil
Each letter of the rulers' will,
And Syria's infant church o'erturn.

Who enters now thy gates with dread ?
I see a blinded mourner led,—
The horsemen speechless and dismayed :
And, hastening to relieve his woes,
An angel-guided Christian goes,
Fearless of harm—for Saul hath prayed !

*And he hath seen from heaven a light,
And Jesus heard with glory bright*

His own omnipotence declare ;
And he hath owned him for his Lord,
And sheathed the persecuting sword,
And sworn the cross of Christ to bear.

Now from thy gates an outcast hurled,
He preaches to the Gentile world,
In pain and peril, want and wo,
The heathen thus in every clime,
Moved by his eloquence sublime,
Their idols and their shrines o'erthrow.

Can this be he who stood unquailed
O'er dying martyrs ? Firmly mailed
In Christian armour, he repels
The darts of Satan from his shield,
And, soaring from the well-fought field,
Amidst their noble army dwells.

THE GOSPEL.

THE PURIFICATION.

STILL to the temple of the Lord
Let age, in pious hope repair ;
Old Simeon found his Saviour there ;
There, Anna bless'd th' incarnate Word.

With offerings which her state beseeemed,
That temple grateful Mary sought ;
The turtles and the Babe she brought,
That Babe—Redeemer and redeemed.

And Simeon own'd him as the light
For Israel's endless glory given ;
The day-star, that would guide to heaven
The nations sunk in darkest night.

And Simeon blessed the wondrous child,
And raised his hands, content to die.
What better sight could earth supply,
Than God to man thus reconciled ?

Yet, as the future he explored,
Appalling visions chilled the seer ;
The lifted cross, the Roman spear,
The mother's breast with anguish gored.

Thus ever, in our course terrene,
Attendant woes must man descry ;
Then let us be content to die,
We, that have God's salvation seen.

THE COLLECT AND EPISTLE.

PRAYER FOR THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

O, SPIRIT ! whose omniscient will
Th' eternal counsel duly wrought,
When, every Scripture to fulfil,
The infant church assembled, sought
A faithful soldier to supply,
To lift the Christian banner high !

Witness of all the wondrous deeds,
From the celestial unction, shed
On Jesus in Bethab'ra's meads,
Until his rising from the dead,
In danger's hour, Matthias stands,
A leader in the Christian bands.

Associate with the chosen train,
Who toiled and travelled, bled and taught,
Pre-eminent in want and pain,
Who greatly dared and nobly fought,
With principalities and powers ;
The danger theirs, the blessing ours.

Spirit of God ! thy church still needs
Thy guiding hand, thy saving care,
*Though now no more in martyr weeds,
She roams the desert in despair ;*

Though kings her nursing-fathers prove,
Her tower of safety is thy love.

With hate untamed, but deeper guile,
Satan prolongs th' insidious fight,
O, station round each holy pile
Warriors in Christian armour bright;
Transcripts of all thy word implies,
"Harmless as doves, as serpents wise."

The GOSPEL for the Day, and the MAGNIFICAT.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY

“ DAUGHTER of David, holy maid ! ”
Thus unto Mary Gabriel said,
“ Blest among women shalt thou be ;
“ The Son of God, the promised Seed,
“ To everlasting rule decreed,—
“ The Saviour, shall be born of thee ! ”

Then Mary bowed her humble head,
And spake with reverential dread,
“ Be it according to thy word !
“ With heart rejoicing to fulfil
“ Each purpose of His sov'reign will,
“ My soul doth magnify the Lord.”

The hope of every age and clime,
From Eve's transgression, from the crime
Which stained with mortal spot the earth
The King in prophecy descried,
He, for whom many a mother sighed,
Thine, Mary, was this wondrous birth !

*And, rich in knowledge as in grace,
Thou didst not, with thy worldly race,*

Expect an earthly empire won ;
Nor didst thou, to thy angel-guest,
Prefer a fond and vain request,
To share the kingdom of thy Son.

Thy spirit spoke in hymns of praise,
“ Th’ Almighty shall the humble raise,
“ The contrite shall His mercy see ;
“ He keeps the promise he hath given,
“ And every nation under heaven
“ With blessings shall remember me.”

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

CHRIST THE TRUE VINE.

O SAVIOUR of the world ! how great thy care,
The church, once purchased by thy blood, to rear.
When placed in glory by thy Father's side,
The Spirit's presence precious gifts supplied ;
Apostles and Evangelists were given,
Whose full credentials proved their charge from heaven.
Then teachers, meet to sow the quick'ning seed,
And pastors, faithful to the flocks they feed.

Well may we heed thy all-instructive line :
" God is the Husbandman, and I the Vine ;
" My church a branch, which never can be won
" To nourish clusters for the ripening sun,
" Unless the root supplies the sap of life,
" And the wild tendrils feel the pruning knife ;
" Abide ye in the root of faith with care,
" With patient meekness God's corrections bear.

" Lo the wild vine ! neglected and unpruned,
" *Nipped* by tempestuous winds, by beasts consumed,
" *The broken branches* from the standard torn,
" *Burned in a furnace* like the barren thorn.

" The cultured vine repays the dresser's care,
 " Plenteous in produce, and in aspect fair :
 " Depend on me to cherish and sustain,
 " Conscious, without me, all your toils are vain.

" Abide in me, in unity, in awe
 " Of one just God, of one all-perfect law ;
 " Implore my aid those precepts to fulfil,
 " And my free grace shall minister the will ;
 " Bound in firm union to my righteous sway,
 " Ev'n as the limbs the guiding head obey,
 " Thus shall ye glorify my Father's name,
 " And thus the fulness of my love proclaim."

*The EPISTLE, GOSPEL, and the Ecclesiastical History of Saint
James's Martyrdom.*

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT JAMES.

OBEDEIENT Philip, humble James,
Distinguished 'mongst the radiant names,
Which deck Messiah's crown,
This day invite us to approve
Their firm fidelity and love,
Their sufferings and renown.

Philip, first summoned to attend
The steps of Jesus, to his friend
The hope of Israel showed ;
His country's prejudice disdained,
The blessed hope of heaven he gained,
By Naz'reth's lowly road.

James, though in blood to Christ allied,
Though called Judea's church to guide,
Its statutes to create,
All names but that of servant scorns,
His was a crown of piercing thorns,
His staff a deadly weight.

*His days in labours diligent,
His nights in holy vigils spent,*

He stood before his flock,
The model of a saintly life,
The mark where persecuting strife
Might aim its deadly shock.

Pressed by a century of years,
Nor stones, nor pond'rous club he fears,
But guards his sacred trust;
Dying, affirms Messiah reigns,
And dying, from his murderers gains,
The sacred name of Just!

The EPISTLE, and the Passages in the Acts relating to this Saint.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

Is there a title under heaven
Nobler than heralds e'er proclaim,
Greater than those by monarchs given ?
Yes, there is one,—the Christian name.

What other name can break the spell,
Which vice entwines round pleasure's lair ;
What else the fiery darts repel,
Which change affliction to despair ?

Unless his brow this signet own,
Can ev'n a hero dare to die,
And meet the Judge upon his throne,
Without an heavenly pleader nigh ?

High in this glorious phalanx named,
The " Son of Consolation " stands ;
When urgent want such succour claimed,
He yielded his paternal lands.

With noble candour, scorning fear,
He sought the dreaded convert Saul ;
Vouched to the church his faith sincere,
And joined him in his special call :

Joined him in love, in labour joined,
Alike in deeds and sorrows great ;
Now deemed the Jove who rules mankind,
Now judged to the blasphemers' fate.

Thus rich in graces, was he frail ?
Could kindred's love the saint misguide ?
Could anger in that heart prevail,
And apostolic friends divide ?

These humbling truths confessed, from Thee,
Spirit of love ! we succour claim ;
Grant, when a brother's fault we see,
To keep unblenched our Christian name !

THE COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.

THE HERALD OF THE GOSPEL.

GREATEST of the human race
Who lived before the age of grace
Child foretold by prophecy !
Whom thy father's loosened tongue
Hymned in an immortal song,
And the advent saw in thee.

Wondrous child ! ordained to bless ;
Nurtured in the wilderness,
To prepare a Saviour's reign ;
Preacher awful ! to appal
Herod in his banquet-hall,
Saying, " From thy sin refrain."

Prophet of the reign of grace !
Go before thy Master's face,
Fit the world to meet its God ;
Sink the hills, the valleys raise,
Straighten all the crooked ways,
Smooth the rough and barren road.

*Baptist ! thou the path prepare,
He that follows thee shall bear*

Pow'rs that with His state accord ;
Thou the dawning, His the day ;
He shall flourish, thou decay ;
Thou the servant, He the lord.

In Elijah's spirit bold,
Go, the cause of truth uphold,
And the sinner's conscience wring ;
Wash thy flock in Jordan's flood :
But Messiah's offered blood
Shall a perfect baptism bring.

Thou shalt see him and rejoice,
Hear his Heavenly Father's voice,
See the Spirit's unction shed :
Then, thy glorious labours past,
Lust reprov'd shall wreak at last
Vengeance on thy guiltless head.

THE COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.

ST. PETER'S FALL, REPENTANCE, AND
DELIVERANCE.

GREAT GOD ! thy searching word alone
Bids us our nature truly scale,
How blind, how impotent, how frail ;
Yet, emanating from thy throne,
Some rays of heav'nly light prevail,
And traces of thy hand are shown.

Was PETER frail ? Did he offend,
Whose lips were foremost to proclaim
Trust in the great Redeemer's name,
He who beheld on Tabor's height
Undying saints of ancient fame,
Yet owned his Lord's superior might ?

Alas, th' ignoble thrills of fear,
And anger's contumacious swell,
Bade him against his vows rebel :
Abjuring Him he held most dear,
He trusted in himself, and fell,
Sinking beneath a coward's fear.

Was this the man, whose ready sword,
First in the garden left its sheath ;
He, who to prisons and to death,
Though others fled, would wait his Lord ?
And did not Peter fear his breath
Would fail to speak that recreant word ?

But soon he did repent and weep,
And Christ permitted him to tell,—
“Thou knowest, Lord, I love thee well !”
Selected now the flock to keep,
On him the tiger's talons fell,
And tore the shepherd from the sheep.

Then Peter slept, expecting day
Would call him to the martyrs' fate,
Still in the might of Jesus great.
—Bound to his guards the sleeper lay,
Till angel-hands unbarred the gate,
And angel-accents cried, “Away !”

Thus, as the sacred page we trace,
And in that glass our likeness scan,
We say, astonished, What is man ?
Feeble by nature, strong in grace ;
What, but redemption's wond'rous plan,
Could open heaven to such a race ?

1

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST FOR HER SONS.

A JEWISH mother spake, amazed,
"The sick are healed, the dead are raised ;
"Seas and storms obey his word,
"This must be the Christ, the Lord.

"Both my sons are in his train :
"Jesus ! when thou comest to reign
"O'er the tribes in full command,
"Let them sit on either hand."

Thus He asks them,—“Can ye share
“My cup, can ye my baptism bear ?”
James and John, in purpose steady,
Answer, “Master, we are ready.”

“Bring ambition's projects down :
“Mine is not an earthly crown,
“The cup of blessing, which I bless,
“Is peace, and love, and gentleness.

↓
“Meek and holy, steadfast, pure,
“Can ye martyrdom endure ?”
Still, in faith and purpose stable,
Spake the brethren, “We are able.”

Mother ! who, with courage brave,
Watch'd thy Saviour's cross and grave,
Soon did martyrdom's reward,
Join the servant to his Lord.

Soon doth Herod's crimson steel,
James's willing baptism seal,
Joined him to the holy band,
Standing at the Lord's right hand.

The EPISTLE and GOSPEL. NATHANAEEL is generally identified with this Apostle. JOHN i. 45—51.

THE ISRAELITE INDEED.

WHO, Lord, shall to thy courts ascend,
Pavilion'd in thy mercy-seat?
They who in lowliness do bend,
To Thee, and all thy will attend,
Thou wilt exalt, and make them great.

They who, with humble, lowly heart,
Their sins and weakness contrite trace,
Who toil not at ambition's mart,
Nor seek, by sophistry or art,
Pre-eminence in rank or place.

These may beneath the fig-tree hide
As did Nathaniel: but their Lord
Already hath their place descried:
He calls, and will not be denied,
He speaks their praises in his word.

“ Behold the Israelites indeed !
“ The souls whom falsehood could not stain,
“ In spirit these are Abraham's seed,
“ And onward shall they safely speed,
“ Till they the heavenly Canaan gain.

- “ Such were the servants whom I chose
“ To make my cross and kingdom known ;
“ Health from their passing shadows rose,
“ Foul demons fled like scattered foes,
“ And Satan trembled on his throne.
- “ Disclaiming praise, disdaining fear,
“ In singleness of heart they died ;
“ These in my kingdom shall appear,
“ Enthroned, through heaven's eternal year,
“ And over Israel's tribes preside.”
-

THE COLLECT AND GOSPEL.

TRUE RICHES.

How ill do Mammon's sons decide,
How falsely rate life's noblest prize !
The praise of men their only guide,
The humble Christian they deride,
And deem the prosperous sinner wise.

Lo ! at Capernaum's tribute-gate,
Amid the taint of earthly leaven,
Long time Alpheus' son had sate ;
Till Jesus summon'd him to wait
On Him, and seek the wealth of heaven.

In Mammon's service richly fed,
His home with wealth and comfort stored ;
When Jesus called, from all he fled,
And knew not where to lay his head,
Following the footsteps of his Lord.

Yet great his praise ; to every clime,
Nation and people, tongue and age,
The actions and the words sublime,
Of Jesus to the end of time
Shall stand recorded in his page.

And great his joy ; for still he found
A peace which passeth human thought ;
While Satan's empire to confound,
To spread salvation's joyful sound,
He toiled and travelled, wrote and taught.

And great his recompense ! Behold,
When Christ shall come to judge mankind,
Mid thrones of light and crowns of gold,
With prophets and with saints of old,
Matthew the Publican enshrined.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE EMPIRE OF THE LAMB.

THE vail, which hides the heavenly place,
Withdrawn, the blest Apostle John
Saw Michael and th' angelic race
Contending with th' apostate one,

They triumphed: and his pride subdued.
No more in heaven is heard his name;
While all the glorious multitude
The empire of the Lamb proclaim.

"But woe to earth, for there awhile
"Must Satan reign, ere chained in hell;
"He comes, the nations to beguile,
"And bid the saints of God rebel."

Tempted and frail, they seek to know
Their rank in heaven; but Christ replies,
"A little infant best will show
"The temper which obtains that prize.

"Stranger to malice, envy, pride;
"In manners meek, from falsehood pure,
"Secure upon life's stormy tide,
"Obedience still its pole-star sure.

"For such the angels leave their thrones,
"To guard them from satanic harms;
"Such my eternal Father owns,
"And, watchful for their safety, arms."

SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

The EPISTLE and GOSPEL.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

THIS day thy memory we commend,
Beloved Physician ! faithful friend !
Evangelist, in whose record,
The words and wonders of the Lord
Reached many a land beyond the bound
Thy long and painful travel found.

Thou didst the glorious toils partake,
Of him, whom Jesus called to wake
A slumbering world, and to sustain
Prison and shipwreck, want and pain.
And by thy master thou didst stand,
Unscathed by Nero's lifted brand.

Thus, when the Gospel age was young,
Like lambs the hungry wolves among,
The heralds of its blessings bore
The cross their Lord endured before,
Dying received the martyr's wreath,
Bequeathed the martyr's pangs in death.

Beloved Physician ! in thy page,
Alike the simple and the sage

Shall read of Bethlehem's angel choir,
Of Dives in the lake of fire,
Of him who, on the cross, confessed
His Saviour, and partook his rest.

Like wandering sheep we all have strayed,
As prodigals have disobeyed ;
But Jesus never will forget
His garden-pangs, his bloody sweat ;
Or, when on earth we wounded lie,
His cordial and his balm deny.

THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

THE FAITH WHICH WAS DELIVERED TO THE
SAINTS.

THROUGH realms unknown, with pain and care,
Simon and Jude, a faithful pair,

Preach'd the pure doctrines of the cross ;
As Christ predicted, they unfurled
His banner to a rebel world,
And deemed it gain to suffer loss.

They did not wake the trump of fame,
To tell their toils, or glory claim,

For conquests won, or wonders wrought ;
Their mission called them to record
The mercy of their risen Lord,
The ransom by his sorrows bought.

They had beheld on Calvary,
The Lord of nature groan and die,
Seen him the bars of death unchain ;
To them the rapturous sight was given,
When angels hailed him back to heaven,
And spake of his eternal reign.

*Could earth the good they sought provide,
Had not the world their Lord denied,*

And could they on its promise rest ?
Might not a faithful servant dread,
The limb was severed from the head,
If Jésus wept where they were blest ?

Simon, disclaiming human praise,
Accomplished his appointed days.
To Jude a prophet's eye was given ;
Well to the church did he explain
Her wars, while militant her reign,
Her triumphs, when transferred to heaven.

THE COLLECT, EPISTLE, AND GOSPEL.

THE JUST MADE PERFECT.

ON Zion's heavenly mount, behold,
Unnumbered saints rejoicing stand;
On every head a crown of gold,
A victor-palm in every hand.

Rescued from sorrow, guilt, and pain,
Sealed to their God, and consecrate,
They praise the Lamb in rapturous strain,
And for their fellow-servants wait.

These once, as patient sufferers, mourned,
Immortal comforts now are theirs;
These were the meek, whom tyrants spurned,
Although of heaven the destined heirs.

Humble, and pure in heart, and kind,
They see their Maker face to face;
They thirsted after good, and find
The fulness of refreshing grace.

A blinded world abjured their choice,
But they were wise, though fools reviled;
They e'en in anguish could rejoice,
In prisons sang, in tortures smiled.

Thus passed they through the vale of tears,
And, circling now th' Eternal's throne,
Recall their former woes and fears,
And pity trials like their own.

With them, while we as pilgrims rove,
A holy fellowship we claim ;
United with the saints above,
Our conflicts and rewards the same.

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LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER,
WEST STRAND.

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